

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XX.

JANUARY, 1932

No. 1

Shadows

I love the gentle shadows
That steal along the way,
To dance a light fantastic,
Just at the close of day.

These shadows of the daylight,
And shadows of the years,
That stretch dark hands behind us,
To gather up our tears.

And oh! the pain and sorrow
These gentle shadows hold!
Where dwell in pillow'd silence
The griefs that are not told.

While some are dark and lonely,
And some their brightness keep,
Like many-towered castles,
Wherein our dear ones sleep.

God gives us golden hours
To use for joy or pain,
And lo! the shadows fold them;
They come not back again.

And so they follow onward,
These silent friends of night,
Till breaks the last grand shadow,
That holds Eternal Light.

—*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

Father Tim Casey

SEEKING THE REMEDY

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Noella Launceston rose when the priest entered the room. There was no constraint about this gracious little mark of respect. He noticed that she did it as easily and naturally as in the old days when she was a pupil in St. Mary's School. But how she had changed since then. Five years as secretary to a stock broker and two years of married life had given her poise, self-confidence, practised judgment, worldly wisdom. As she sat there now, with lips tightly compressed and two angry red spots burning in her cheeks, she was the perfection of correctness, good taste, practicality, from the top of her tight-fitting felt hat to the tips of her tiny boots.

While Father Casey was trying to decide on the best way to begin, an irrelevant thought kept protruding itself. The thought was this: will some future man ever get the same high inspiration from recalling the picture of this efficient little lady that I get from recalling the motherly face of my own dear mother? But that was beside the point. He had sent for Mrs. Launceston. Now she was here. What was he going to say to her? Why didn't she make some move to pave the way? Well, he must say something. All he could think of was a stupid question.

"How is the baby, Noella?"

"Quite well Father, I thank you."

Could anybody conceive an answer more respectful, more polite? Yet the manner in which she gave that answer said as plainly as if she had shouted: "I will be respectful; but I wish you to know I am in no mood for small talk. I resent the fact that you sent for me and the reasons that prompted you to do so."

Seeing he would have no aid from her, he concluded he might as well plunge into the subject without any further attempt at preliminaries.

"No doubt you know why I asked you to come in?"

"No, Father; I do not."

That was a lie—and then again it wasn't. Of course she knew right well her husband had been talking to the priest and, as a

consequence, the priest had sent for her. But she did not know just what he intended to do about it, and so she told her conscience to be quiet and answered: "No, Father; I do not know."

"You and Robert—here of late—you have not been getting on so well, have you?"

"Your informant knows the intimate secrets of our home. Since he has seen fit to tell you we are having trouble, you may take his word for it."

Father Casey did not like what she said nor the way she said it.

"Noella, your husband is an honorable man—too honorable, by far, to discuss domestic difficulties with outsiders. But a misunderstanding has arisen between him and his wife. He is dismayed, puzzled, discouraged. A year ago he would never have dreamed such a thing remotely possible. In his bewilderment he comes to his official adviser, his parish priest. He comes, not to complain or accuse, but to state facts as he sees them and to beg for guidance. Can you charge him with disloyalty to you in this?"

"No, Father."

Robert is an exceptionally fine young man. This is the first great crisis he has had to face. If he gives up before it, he will never be the same again; it will affect his whole life. Should I—could I—tell him: I don't want to listen to your family troubles. Go home and settle them with your wife."

"I see you are both right," said Noella. "I am ready to take my scolding, and I promise to try to do better."

A quick, piercing glance convinced the priest that the girl spoke sincerely, without the slightest shade of sarcasm. She admitted she had been at fault, and wished to mend her ways. But she was too impersonal about it, too businesslike. That was not the correct attitude if she hoped to heal the wounds in those hearts that had loved so deeply.

"Who ever said anything about a scolding, Noella? I simply want to hear your side of the story, as I have already heard Robert's. Then if I can give any counsel calculated to restore peace and happiness in your home, God knows how gladly I shall do so. You promise to do better. That is splendid: it is another proof of the honor and frankness which everybody admires in you: it should go far towards making your home once more the beautiful place it was the first year after your marriage. But—have you a clear idea what you mean by 'doing better'? And if so, won't you tell me?"

"Yes, Father," she spoke slowly and thoughtfully, yet without hesitation. "By trying to do better, I mean that I will try to be patient with my husband—not quarrel or fuss with him—not answer him impudently nor say hard, sharp things to hurt him—not pout or sulk, but be cheerful and friendly—even when he is unfair, unreasonable."

"Is that *all* you mean by trying to do better?"

She reflected a moment; her lips tightened: "Yes, Father; that is all I mean."

"That is not enough. That is treating the symptoms and neglecting the disease. Noella, your husband does not want to be unfair or unreasonable."

"So he says; his actions however belie his words."

"Or else—there is, you know, the other possibility—you may be considering something unreasonable which really is not so," Father Casey suggested.

"Father, I don't lay any claims to infallibility. I can make as many mistakes as the next one. But a man who holds both of two mutually contradictory statements is unreasonable. I am certain I make no mistake in calling him so."

"Robert does that?"

"He certainly does."

"What are the two contradictory statements?" the priest inquired.

"First, the wife must not help support the home; secondly, the wife must help support the home."

"And Robert holds both of those propositions?"

"Yes; now one, now the other, accordingly as they suit his purpose."

"He did not say that when he was speaking with me," Father Casey declared.

"That is not Robert's strong point, to state things clearly and concisely. Here are the facts. During the five years previous to my marriage I was private secretary to the president of Antalik Incorporated. Mr. Antalik has the reputation of an able financier, and he deserves it. But like every other man, he is helpless as a baby in some matters." Father Casey acknowledged the implication with a wry face and a slight bow. Mrs. Launceston, however, saw no reason for excepting the clergy, so it stood at that. "I was hardly back from the honeymoon," she continued, "when he began calling up and begging me to come and coach the new secretary. She is a good intelligent girl. Whatever work

is given her, she does with exactness and dispatch; but she has not the knack of taking over certain affairs and expediting them on her own responsibility, as I had gradually learned to do. That is what he missed. Though I tried to help her now and then, he was not satisfied; he wanted me to take back the old position. I told him plainly it was impossible—that I was a married woman now and determined to mother as many children as God saw fit to send me. He said: "That makes no difference. Take back your old position. Come when you can. When you are here, the new secretary will work in the general office; when you cannot come, she will substitute for you. Your salary will pay for any help you need at home and leave a comfortable margin besides. Full of enthusiasm over this generous offer, I ran back to tell my husband—described how soon our united salaries would pay for the home and furniture and leave us free from debt."

"He did not share your enthusiasm?"

"Quite the contrary. He said I was casting a slur on him—that he was able to support the home otherwise he would not have married—that this thing of women entering gainful employments to help the family was a modern abuse. Dutifully I bowed to my lord and master and settled down to the thrilling daily round of dishwashing, sweeping, mopping, dusting, and the rest. Now, there are a hundred modern appliances to lighten the drudgery of the housewife. But, no, Robert said we couldn't afford them until the house was paid for. Some of the more distasteful work can be sent out to concerns, with up-to-date methods of quantity production, where it can be done at very reasonable cost. Robert hemmed and hawed and hinted that, if I felt well enough and wasn't too busy, some of these things could be done at home and that much saved toward the mortgage."

"He suggested that even when you were not physically able?" Father Casey asked.

"Oh, I was able enough if the work had been more to my taste. I had both the health and the time—but I had also a head and a knowledge of the multiplication table. If I could earn enough at the office, doing work I understood and liked, to pay for anything that had to be done in the home—and have a surplus for many little luxuries besides—why, I was a fool for not taking advantage of the opportunity. Robert had said the woman should not work for the support of the family, her work was caring for the house. Very well. But the woman should manage

the work in the house as she saw fit. I saw fit to take back my secretary job and hire the home work done, that is, most of it. Thereupon, another storm from Robert. This time he was too clearly outside his jurisdiction. He may as well assure himself, once for all, that I will make no concessions to him here. I admit I lost my temper and quarreled with him over it. I am sorry and will try not to do so again."

"Then you went back to work in the office?"

"Yes; and here is where my husband's unreasonableness reached its apex: when I drew my salary, he pretended it should go into the common fund for the general expenses of the family."

"Did it?"

"It did *not*. And so we quarreled again. I will show my husband due submission and respect, but I will not let him make a fool of me. Now, Father, you have heard both sides. Who is right, and who is wrong?"

"Oh, just as usual," returned the priest.

"I might have expected that," she flashed back hotly. "With a man as judge—it matters not whether he belongs to the clergy or the laity—'just as usual' means that the man is right and the woman is wrong. Of course!"

"No, 'just as usual' means that *both* are wrong."

"For the reason that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

"For that reason, yes. But also for the reason that each is usually holding stubbornly to a proposition that is partly false."

"And in our case?"

In your case, Robert is wrong when he stamps as a modern abuse the view that the woman should do her part in supporting a family."

"But many modern women do."

"Many women do—all women should—women always did."

"Then you would have the mothers of families go out to factories and shops. . . ."

"Hold on! I said women should help support the family. I did not say where."

"Where else could it be except in factories and shops?"

"That is the big problem we must work out today. Formerly it was simple. The woman spun the thread, wove the cloth, and sewed the garments for the family. She carried water from the spring and wood from the shed; made candles from tallow, soap from fat, and sugar

from syrup. She raised vegetables and even helped with the planting and harvesting of the grain which she afterwards made into bread. And all the time she was caring for her numerous children—not merely developing their bodies, but forming their souls. In such a busy household there were a thousand little tasks suited to the age and strength of the children. The mother saw that they performed these tasks. She was thereby saved many a step, and the little ones were trained to industry, self-denial, obedience, responsibility."

"You want us to go back to those times?"

"I want you to go back *in spirit* to those times and compare them with the present. Today the woman calls on her dressmaker to be measured for a gown and stops at the store to buy a suit of clothes for her child. She opens a tap, and water flows into her pitcher, presses a button and lights up the room, turns a cock and has fuel in her stove, phones her dealer, and he sends soap and sugar and bread and meat and vegetables. Now, do all these come to her as free gifts from a fairy godmother?"

"No, indeed; they must be paid for, and dearly, too."

"And if the man alone is earning, the man alone must do the paying. Do you see what this means?"

"No, Father; what?"

"It means that your husband today is doing much that was done by your sister of a few decades ago. Your husband spins the thread and weaves the cloth and sews the gowns and knits the stockings. Your husband makes the candles and carries in the water and the wood. He boils the soap and the sugar and hoes the cabbages and cans the peaches. He plants and harvests and grinds the wheat and makes the bread. Isn't that true?"

"Well, yes. He earns the money that pays for having all this done."

"And, therefore, when you complain that your things are not so convenient or attractive as your neighbor's, it is the same as though you said: I must make my husband carry more water and bring up more wood, mould more candles, can more peaches, bake better bread and knit finer stockings. And meantime he must bestir himself and get me besides an automobile, a parlor set, a radio, a summer home. I cannot fall below the living standard of my neighbors."

"Just a minute, Father. I had never considered the matter in that light."

"Nobody had. That is why we have come to the present pass. We want everything we see without stopping to think where it is coming from."

"Now I have it," said Mrs. Launceston; "I shall keep my office job and earn enough money to pay for my part of the water-carrying and cabbage-hoeing."

"That is another blunder that has done much to bring us into the mess we are in—measuring everything by money and disregarding higher values. There are not enough dollars in the whole wide world to compensate for the presence of the wife in the home, for the constant companionship of the mother with her children."

"But what else can we do? Everything must come out of the husband's salary, and the husband's salary is insufficient."

"That is blunder number three—seeking the remedy for our present ills everywhere except where we should seek it: in self-restraint, detachment, Christian simplicity and humility."

CHARITY

"True charity consists in bearing with all the defects of our neighbor, in not being surprised at his failings, and in being edified by his least virtues; charity must not remain shut up in the depths of the heart, for no man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. It seems to me that this candle represents the charity which ought to enlighten and make joyful, not only those who are dearest to me, but all who are in the house."—(*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

It is best not to expose oneself to the combat when defeat is certain.
(*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

NOVENA—ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH—CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Total attendance—45,900. Holy Communions distributed—11,000. Confessions heard—4,200. In charge of Very Reverend Hubert Seifert, C.Ss.R. and Reverend Charles Bartoschek, C.Ss.R.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

IV.

Someone has said that a saint is one who has the courage always to pick himself up. No doubt that is one of the most frequent experiences of those heroes of God. But the idea is put better, when we say that sainthood is the accomplishment of our daily duties. But since these duties vary with time, station and age, so the sanctity of individuals has some things in common and some things quite individual. When looking at the lives which these sketches pretend to portray, we recognize in each certain common virtues, such as obedience to parents, condescension to playfellows, generosity to God's poor, perseverance against faults of character. But over and above all these, an intense love of God, manifested especially in devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. Alike in these things they differ very much in individual character. Where one is lively, enterprising, bold, resolute, another is calm, timid, retiring; one dreams of the priesthood, another of martyrdom, another of the cloister. One goes down deep in humility, another loves to serve; one likes to lead, another is content, as one of these little ones has naively expressed it, "I want to be a simple monsieur like daddy." Yet all seek to please their Divine Jesus, their good God, and each is content to trace his slim furrow and sow what God finds good to give. Thus in the present sketch we find a lad who has much in common with others, yet all this is colored throughout by his peculiar characteristic, which I can only call "the spirit of gratitude."

This spirit of constant and profound recognition as a characteristic is not something unknown to the lives of the saints. The Sacred Scriptures insist on it over and over again; the very name of Eucharist means thanksgiving. Among the lives of the saints we have that interesting saint, St. Felix of Catalizio, a Capuchin lay brother who was a familiar figure in sixteenth century Rome, where for forty years he daily gathered alms for the support of his brethren. He was called Brother Deo Gratias, because of his spirit of gratitude, just as the parents of the lad we are here speaking of had "Deo Gratias" carved on the tombstone in the cemetery of Lisieux. It is the distinctive trait

of little August Magne—the explanation of his overflowing recognition for favors done him. This was carried so far that it was said of him: "It is so very exaggerated, so serious and yet so positive, that when he expresses his gratitude, one almost fears that one has not done enough for him."

AUGUST MAGNE (1920-1929)

August Magne was born on October 21, 1920, at Hermaux, in the department of Lozere, central France. He was the third boy, and of a deeply religious family. Of a strong constitution, his extraordinary powers of endurance brought him safely through an attack of pneumonia at the age of two. We are told that he was very close to death on that occasion, that his little face was strangely grave, that for two days there was no word from his little bed. Prayers went up to heaven to spare the little one, Lisieux was besieged, and at three A. M. the little patient opened his eyes and called for Mamma and Papa—he was perfectly cured.

"JESUS DOES NOT COME TO STUBBORN HEARTS"

The little lad must have made a pleasant picture; robust and round of figure; gray-blue eyes with a lively, penetrating look; auburn hair; resolute and manly carriage.

When three years of age he was taken to the school of Mlle. Folcher. He became interested in everything, and learned quickly. When at work or at play he gave himself entirely to that which he was doing. What seems quite remarkable was that even at this early age he knew how to recollect himself, so that his attention and respect at prayer were very noticeable. The family moved to Lisieux when August was five years of age, and here his childhood days moved through those childish scenes of altars, processions, and chant—scenes that mark the early days of so many young lives.

For a while his mother thought to have him make his First Communion together with his brother Maurice, but she hesitated. He had rather serious faults. By nature he was energetic but with that an iron will was linked; he would not yield, nor would he bend to ask pardon; he would shut himself up in stubborn silence. You could punish and correct with severity; there would be neither tear nor complaint, nor would there be obedience. Quite naturally this natural trait worried his parents, but knowing his great attraction for the Blessed Sacrament, they used It against his fault. He was told that his stubbornness

would bar him from Communion, for "Jesus does not come into stubborn hearts." This made the little fellow reflect. He wanted Jesus with a longing others little suspected. He began to overcome himself; sacrifices became the order of the day. His mother watched quietly. She saw the numerous victories, she counted the daily sacrifices. It was decided that at six he should make his First Communion. He made the preparation with great seriousness, and they say that his face was marvellously serious and happy as he came back from the Communion rail. That day he spoke very little, but that evening he confided his secret to his aunt:

"I have asked Jesus that I may one day be a priest."

"Yes, yes, you will make a good priest," answered his aunt, "but what kind of priest will it be, a parish priest or a missionary?"

"I do not know," he replied, "but I want to say my First Mass where I received my First Communion."

August was remarkable for his exact and serious preparation for each Communion. These Communions had a profound influence on his character; not that his faults disappeared all of a sudden. They would crop out every now and then, but he used all his energy to conquer himself. And in the meantime, his parents were interested spectators.

PASSION FOR BOATS

When August was seven and one half years old he was sent to Fournet College, which was under the direction of Abbe Hergars. It was a sort of preparatory school for aspirants to the priesthood. Here the lad experienced friction; but neither vain nor proud, he had the happy faculty of mixing easily. He was just as generous as ever but his domineering traits manifested themselves. At his first school he had been something of a leader, but here it was different. But boys know well how to adjust such matters, and in a short time physical experience taught him that to be sociable we must often do the will of others. His teachers are quite at one in praising his good will, his piety and his somewhat exaggerated politeness. He got his lessons easily and at this time developed a veritable passion for whittling boats. When given a real toy boat he would be in the third heaven for days at a time.

From what has been said one can readily deduce that the moral silhouette of this lad is very difficult to describe. He was neither

proud nor forward, yet he dreaded observation and the reproaches of his companions. Serious and observant, he would tire parent and master by his perpetual "whys." At times you could discern the rogue hidden beneath all this seriousness. Of fiery quality, he loved to tease, and gave and took all boyish roughness and manhandling with zest and gusto. He seemed always occupied and this made him appear cold, seemingly not having time for the affections of little people. When reprimanded, this coldness became real obduracy. You could submit him to the hardest punishment, yet never a tear or twitch would show his feelings. Ordinarily he spoke with moderation, and loved to tell little tales and give them an original and amusing turn. His trait of quick repartee often asserted itself, but had been disciplined by the seriousness of his family life. Although brusque and snappy, yet he never violated the honor code of the boy by reporting any of the deeds of his playmates. Thus at eight, this lad was already a character.

To those around him he was a puzzle. Often his aunt would ask herself: "What will become of this boy?" At one time strong and generous, at another tenacious, solid in revolt and independence. This very same mixture is found quite frequently in others. It was the character of the contemporary of August, Chicard. This lad's family were totally at a loss what to think of the boy, and summed up possibilities in three words: "Knight? Missionary? Brigand?" This lad became a missionary in China and died a martyr! To our lad the necessary time was denied, but he was of the same heroic mould.

THE TOUCH DIVINE

After his First Communion, his soul began to expand. His oft repeated prayer was to the Little Flower, to whom he was very much devoted: "Dear Little Saint, I want to be your priest!" His parents, comrades and acquaintances were astonished at the changes that were being wrought in his character. He was naturally secretive, and no one knows what passed during those happy moments as he knelt, the picture of perfect recollection, in his pew. Divine influence was at work. The gigantic works of conversion that were wrought out in the solitudes of Manresa, Subiaco, Alverno, and Soreze, at La Trappe, and Chartreuse—the classics of conquest of self—these were being done sweetly by this marvelous divine touch which frequent Communion of the young man has made a possibility. One might well term this work gigantic, for though Alexander had conquered the ancient World, he

stood on the banks of the Indus and wept. When asked the reason of his grief he said, in recalling his fit of anger that had made him kill his bosom friend Clitus: "Indeed, victorious over a world, I have not known how to conquer myself."

This conquest, beyond the power of Alexander, these little people, made by the help of grace. This charming industry to conquer is one of the common traits of these little souls. In August it manifested itself at times when he would penalize himself for faults, but most of all when he would gather together a host of little sacrifices and offer them to his Divine Victim in a spirit of gratitude and recognition—his natural tendency. If he was profuse in his politeness, he never forgot a favor rendered and this puts the characteristic stamp on his spirituality. It climaxed in the climax of all spiritual life. In his fervor of recognition he gave himself to Christ—victim for victim—he would be a priest. This dream—a dream touched off by his first contact with Jesus—haunted him throughout his entire short life.

THE VICTIM IS ACCEPTED

Thus he progressed, and his faults of character gradually disappeared. But late in December, 1928, the 22nd to be precise, he returned from college and complained of violent pains in the head. The pains were so great that they distorted his countenance. His family tried to distract him by the anticipations of Christmas, the pretty crib and tree, the mysterious stocking—but all was useless. Callers would bring him sweets and toys, but he would simply say: "After Christmas I will enjoy myself." Christmas day found him worse and he was unable to leave his bed. On the following Thursday, the 28th, he was given a relic of Soeur Therese, and three times he prayed that she might cure him, so that he might become her little priest. The family was quite upset—he seemed to be growing steadily worse. Finally, when the doctor could no longer withhold the terrible verdict, his illness was pronounced meningitis. The lad was undisturbed; his aunt was broken with sorrow.

"Are you going to leave us and go to heaven?" she asked him.

"Oh, yes, yes; to see little Jesus; I will give him some beautiful playthings," and his eyes were large and limpid with admiration.

"Perhaps the Little Therese needs you to help to distribute her favors," she continued, "you shall hold her basket of roses."

"Yes, I will hold it, I will even give from it, but never without ask-

ing her permission. And when she will give me permission, I will take for mamma and papa, and the whole family, for the little orphans, and then for priests also."

The little head was weary and sank on to the pillow, but soon some one spoke to him:

"You want to be one of God's angels?"

"No, not immediately," came the measured reply, "I shall be a short time in Purgatory because of my sins, and then I will go to heaven."

Silence filled the little room, when that little voice had ceased, but once more it spoke:

"I would have liked so much to be a priest before going to see my good Jesus." How deep the touch of Christ had gone!

"But surely you wish only what God wills," it was suggested.

"Yes, yes, only what God wills."

AND WHEN IN THE EVENING HOUR

Each morning, Abbe Choupeaux brought the lad Holy Communion, and the fervor and calm in these moments was remarkable. Soon speaking became painful to him; yet even in this pain he was often heard to murmur: "My God, I love you!" And when the pains became unbearable, he would clutch the hand of his mother: "O mamma, how my head hurts." But that was always said very low, almost inaudibly, for he feared to pain those around him. Then came the last Communion. For a full quarter of an hour they had to wait; the spasms of pain had clenched his teeth; he could not receive the Sacred Host. But finally his indomitable will conquered once more, and Christ came unto His own. Meanwhile prayers were being offered. The Little Saint of Lisieux was being called on to protect, to cure him. When August heard them pray, he with great effort was heard to say: "But you forget to add, if it is pleasing to you." He was asked if he had thought to thank the good God for his trials and sufferings.

"Yes, yes," came the reply, and once more they heard his wonderful offering—wonderful since he was a lad of but eight:

"My God! I make this sacrifice of my life for my family, for priests; yes, for priests that You may send us many vocations."

December 30th dawned upon that sorrowing family gathered around the little bed. August opened his eyes, and they rested upon the picture of Soeur Therese. An expression of surprise lit up the wan little face,

and he was heard quite distinctly to say: "O how beautiful she is!" and some moments after: "My God, I thank you!" He spoke no more after that, and lay there that whole day in perfect calm and peace. He lingered till the next day, January first, and after a long and painful agony, the details of which have not come down to us, his soul winged its way to God. "It was the time of morning sacrifice."

THE PERFUME OF THE ABSENT FLOWER

The white clad figure lay in state until January Fifth—a figure of peace, surrounded by lilies and roses. On that day they wended their way to the pretty cemetery of Lisieux some distance from the town—a cemetery honored for a while to be the resting place of the mortal remains of the Little Flower, and to this day scented with the aroma that God's loved ones always bequeath to their own. And if you have time when you go to Lisieux, walk down the shaded road that leads to the cemetery and search for a grave that is always decorated with flowers and votive lights, and stoop to read the inscription: Auguste Magne, "Deo Gratias," born October 21, 1920, died January 1, 1929. And as you read be sure to kneel and pray—for one of God's loved ones rests beneath these flowers.

To some mothers the loss of such a child might be very painful, indeed, but is it not a recognized fact that many of the things that bring greatest happiness cause deepest pain—a pain that we learn to love and value? The loss of August too caused great pain, but what a glory comes to Mrs. Magne when she receives those wonderful letters from people who tell her clearly that they have received favors through her little boy's intercession!

"Your little August," one letter reads, "swells the legion of the cherubim where we see Guy de Fontgalland, Anne de Guigne and others? . . . What a fertile life is the life of your son! A life perfumed with sacrifices, with perpetual struggle in that little nature of but eight years! Many little ones will follow his example and march in his footsteps."

"I invoke your August with great confidence; he had the soul of a saint, and I preserve his photograph with respect."

Among the favors received we find listed such as these: freedom from convulsions of a baby, positions obtained, conversion, reconciliation, and so the trail of glory goes on.

And once more God has stooped down into the child-world, and as

He heard the child-like request: "I would like to be a priest," He whispered gently: "But you will be an angel." And the King thus plucked the rose, but the garden remains fragrant with the aroma of the absent flower.

(To be continued)

NOTE: Appreciation is hereby expressed to Y. D'Isne's fine little biography which forms the first volume of the French collection called "Parvuli" (Paris, Lethielleux, 1931).

Dear Father: Two years ago I made the Novena asking Our Mother of Perpetual Help that I might meet a good and sincere Catholic boy, and marry him if it were God's will. I had despaired of meeting such a boy. It just seemed that I was in the city with all kinds around me, but none was for me. Still I felt that somewhere surely I should find the right one. One year ago I met such a boy; but at that time we did not start keeping company. Some eight months later he wrote to me. Then we began corresponding and going together. He lived out of the city. So it was difficult to continue the courtship. A little later on we became engaged. I felt no hesitancy in promising him, because I knew his family to be very good and very religious. In fact, he has five relatives who are religious. When you receive this letter, we shall be happily married. This boy tells me that he met me as the result of a Mass he had offered in honor of Our Blessed Mother for the same intention for which I prayed. I send this letter as an encouragement to those boys and girls who feel as I did. Every request I have made of Our Mother of Perpetual Help has been answered; perhaps not in the way I asked it, but in the way it was best for me to have it. (Sedalia, Missouri.)

**NOVENA—ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH—CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS**

For the Immaculate Conception. Total attendance—31,950. Holy Communions distributed—9,500. Confessions heard—5,000. German sermons by Father James Ott, C.Ss.R. English sermons by Father Herman Catterlin, C.Ss.R.

The Doves

A LEGEND OF OLD JUDEA

J. McBAIN

Asaph was unhappy. The doves that fluttered and scratched in the small wooden cages he carried were unhappy, too. They pecked through the knotted twigs he had fashioned for bars and made little red welts on his brown fingers. They made soft coaxing sounds in their pulsing throats for him to snap back the twigs and free them.

Asaph tried not to hear them—tried to look straight ahead down the road that wound like a worn girdle round the dusty garment of the hills toward the City, and tell himself only a suckling would feel a dull ache in his breast because he must part with his turtle doves. Should not he, Asaph, who already was nine years from his waddling clothes, scorn to be moved by the mere nip of a pigeon's bill on his bare hands? Should he not sing a quick swinging song such as the legions of Caesar sang, since the birds were now grown enough to sell to Immanus for the worshippers at the temple, and there would be wine, red as his mother's pomegranites, and bread, white as a pigeon's breast to buy with the coins Immanus would give him?

But the doves were not ordinary birds of the air. They flew every dawn from a snug round nest in the eaves of his mother's house to pace anxiously on the rough sill of his window until he should awaken and call them to eat of the grain in his upturned palms. They would even perch trustingly on his shoulders to preen feathers that glistened with all the colors of a wet sky when the sun shone on it. The doves were his friends. Could the Lord God of Israel be pleased with a sacrifice bought through betrayal of friends?

Asaph winced at the thought. His mother had told him the Lord God would be angered and punish him for such thoughts of the evil one. A dove was a creature ordained for sacrifice in the law of the Lord. One did not make friends of mere feathered creatures, but nurtured them carefully till they were fit to be sold to Immanus at the temple. Asaph could still hear her telling him these things—still see her, as she had been that morning, framed in the low doorway of their house, thin stern lips biting out the words, long brown garments flowing about her tall gauntness.

If only he had a man's years and stature so he could work in his mother's field to earn their bread and the birds could go free—could dip their way in and out of their nest in the eaves again. If only he had the courage to— His heart beat faster at the thought. His mother would say—

Slacking his pace, he looked cautiously up and down the deserted road. Ahead the dull, yellow walls of the City loomed hard and relentless in the early sunlight. About him the shaggy brown hills promised their silence. Now was the time.

Breathless, he set the two cages down at the edge of the road and knelt in the dust beside them. The doves ceased their scratching and peered out inquiringly at him. He tugged eagerly at the twigs to free them. The poor creatures were hungry. Since yesterday evening they had had nothing. They had come fluttering to his window that morning, but his mother had said it was folly to feed them before the sacrifice when there was so little to eat in the house.

Suddenly his brown fingers stopped struggling with the twigs and dropped limply into the dust. His slight shoulders sagged, and he sat back on his bare heels in dismay. He had forgotten there was no food in the house. He, Asaph, son of Ammor, whose flocks had once covered the hillsides from Emmaus to Bethany, had forgotten a trust had been left with him—had forgotten his mother would stand anxiously in the doorway, lean hands shading her eyes from the afternoon sun, awaiting his return with the meal that would most likely have to be meted over several other evenings besides. He, Asaph, had forgotten his was his father's burden—to see that his mother should never want—had remembered only his pigeons—his friends.

A tear slid down his nose and glistened infinitesimally in the road. Shamed by such weakness, he sprang up, lips quivering, and grasping the cages in his arms started to run toward the city. If he had to betray the doves, if he had to sell them to Immanus, he might as well get it over as quickly as possible. That he, Asaph, should weep like a babe for the loss of two feathered things was disgraceful.

He scurried past the guard at the city's gate, past trudging asses laden with panniers of figs and prickly pears, past groups of drab, loose-garmented figures that moved slowly along the winding streets, past lank lumbering camels bearing huge bales of dyestuffs from the East, and came at last to the steps of the temple.

Not stopping, he stumbled on, skinning his knees against the rough stones, stubbing his toes on the wide steps.

Inside, all was commotion: seller outshouted seller and haggled over his payment, oxen bellowed, coins clinked unceasingly on the stout tables of the changers, sheep bleated piteously, doves beat their fragile wings on the bars of their cages. Asaph shrank into a corner. The foul odor of the place nauseated him. Could the Lord God—. Suddenly, he spied the squat figure of Immanus slumped in a chair by the money-changers, with an empty cage at his feet.

Asaph clung tighter to his cages and edged his way through the crowd.

"You are late," grumbled Immanus reaching for his purse.

Asaph bit hard into his lips as he watched Immanus grope for a coin. The purse was a silk one with the lovely curved outline of a dove embroidered on it. The lad longed to snatch it from the man's avid grasp.

"Don't stand like a fool," croaked Immanus impatiently, put the birds in the big cage. I've lost money now from your lateness."

Once more Asaph knelt to loosen the twigs. His knees hurt where he had skinned them as he fumbled with the bars. This time they snapped at his first touch. His brown fingers met tenderly about a throbbing handful of feathers, and he lifted it unconsciously to his cheek.

"I said—" Immanus grabbed his staff to emphasize the command. "Put the—"

A crashing of heavy wood and chinking coins followed by sharp cries of alarm ended his words. Yanking his purse strings, he wobbled to his feet.

From behind the big cage where he had crouched to ward off the blow, Asaph looked up in wonder.

In the midst of the sellers was a Man clothed in white with a scourge made of knotted cords in His hand.

"My house is the house of prayer," cried the Man angrily. "You have made it a den of thieves." And seizing the table of the nearest money changer, he overthrew it with one hand.

After that, Asaph was never exactly sure what happened. He remembered Immanus clutching violently at his purse and thrusting it into the bosom of his garment. He remembered his own fear lest he

should not receive the money and have nothing with which to buy food for his mother after all. He remembered the stern fury of the Man and the white flash of His scourge as He overturned tables and chairs and ordered Immanus and his companions to take their wares hence. He remembered the frantic stampede of the oxen, the sheep's panic, and the mad flurry of the doves for freedom. But not till it was all over, and only he and the Man were left, did he realize that the doves—his doves—had been driven out of the temple with Immanus, and he would have to return empty-handed to his mother.

Conscious only of his own failure, he edged his way guiltily along the wall toward the door.

"Asaph!"

The Man sat down on the broad base of one of the pillars, and the knotted cords sank in a limp heap at His feet. "Come to Me, Asaph," He said kindly.

He never should have shown such weakness, Asaph told himself afterwards—he who already was nine years old and almost a man—but before he knew how it all happened, he was on the Man's lap and, grimy hands clasped tightly about His neck, was sobbing out all the pent-up sorrow and disappointment of his little-boy existence. And the Man didn't scold him for crying as his mother would have done. He understood all about what friends the doves had been, what it was like not to have any father, and how terrible it would be to return home without anything for his mother.

But the crying was never so bad as his falling to sleep. He could never forgive himself for that. And to think of the Man carrying such a big boy in His arms. And He must have carried him, else how could he have awakened outside the city's walls.

Asaph sat up and rubbed his eyes wonderingly. He had been such a kind Man once the sellers were all gone from the temple, and he, son of Ammor, who honored all debts of kindness, had forgotten to ask His name. Perhaps his mother would have heard some of the women in the city speak of Him. His mother—and now he must start back and try to make her understand why he had brought nothing from the City with him.

Jumping up, his toes scratched against something rough at his feet, and he glanced down indifferently—to stare in amazement. There in a clump of wild mustard was a small basket filled with two golden loaves

and a shiny blue fish covered with almond leaves. The Man had left it for him.

* * *

The poppies that swayed in his mother's field had already closed their scarlet blossoms when Asaph, his short tunic heavy with dust, his stubby toes aching, but with the precious basket clutched in one grimy fist, trudged up to his mother's house.

"What kept you, my son?" The tall figure of his mother loomed in the doorway.

"So many things—look!" He thrust the basket into her hand and with a quick tumble of words tried to tell her of what had befallen him since the morning: of Immanus' anger at his lateness; of the tall, stern Man who had driven Immanus and his companions out of the temple and frightened his doves—he saw her start at this—till they had flown before he realized it; of the kind understanding person the Man had turned out to be once the sellers had fled; of his falling to sleep in the Man's arms—he did not mention the tears lest she should fail to understand—and of his awaking outside the City's walls to find the basket of food at his feet.

His mother smiled strangely, and keeping one hand concealed in the folds of her garment, carried the basket inside and bade him come eat before darkness had all fallen.

"But, Mother, you—you believe me, don't you?" The lad stumbled after her into the dusky room. "Why, Mother, you're—you're weeping."

With a quick movement, the woman who was his mother swung around and circling his slim shoulders with one arm, pushed him before her to the doorway.

"See, my son—" She pointed to a fluttering blurr of white under the eaves, close to the old olive tree.

Asaph sprang forward with a cry of delight—forgot that his knees were sore and his toes stubbed—and scrambled up the old wrinkled trunk of the olive and far out on the gnarled branch that brushed the eaves of the house. A soft cooing dispelled his last doubt.

"Why, Mother," he called down excitedly, "my doves—they're back!"

The tall woman, knee-deep in poppy blossoms down below, let the stout reed she had been hiding in a fold of her garment slip quietly to the ground.

"And I thought you had freed them," she murmured to herself.

The Ven. Peter Donders, C.SS.R.

APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

CHAP. VI. THE ZEALOUS LABORER IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD

Far from losing courage at the sight of so much misery, the zeal of Father Donders for the welfare of immortal souls became all the more inflamed. He began his arduous task in Paramaribo, the cesspool of corruption. Paramaribo, the capital, was a town of 18,000 inhabitants, and quite unlike the towns of Europe. The unpaved streets were lined on both sides with orange and citron trees. Behind the magnificent frame houses in the courtyard, which formed a kind of recess from the public street, were the miserable lodges of the slaves. Every wealthy family owned from seven to twenty of these poor Africans.

Here the Servant of God spent his first years. For fourteen years he labored among the townspeople with a zeal truly apostolic. Only two months after his arrival, the Prefect-Apostolic writing of him says: "The youthful missionary seems to seek nothing but to share with me the heat and burdens of the day." And when, a short time afterward, the Prefect paid a visit to Holland, he spoke in the highest praise of the youngest of his missionaries.

These praises were well deserved. Scarcely had he been a few months in the colony, and as yet unaccustomed to the climate, when the care of the entire town was laid upon his poor shoulders alone. While two of the priests labored elsewhere in the colony, the town of Paramaribo was visited by a pestilence. It attacked both his fellow-laborers, Very Rev. Father Grooff and Rev. Father Janssen. Father Donders, redoubling his efforts, moved from one sick bed to the other to give the last Sacraments to the dying Catholics and to baptize the pagans. Many a soul he gained for heaven. "The scourge of God's justice," he writes, "has raged for the space of four months and has brought many to their graves. To many it proved a merciful grace, as it secured for them the blessing of receiving holy Baptism!"

Alas! From the sick-bed of his people he had to hasten to the death-bed of his fellow-laborer, Father Janssen. The Very Rev. Prefect had been restored to health; but this saintly priest died after laboring nine months with the greatest zeal in the vineyard of the Master. Soon af-

terwards Father Donders had to deplore a second loss. The Very Rev. James Grooff, whose long experience had always been a great help to him, was named Vicar-Apostolic of the East Indies and Bishop of Canea *in partibus*. Esteemed alike by Catholics and non-Catholics, and much regretted by his priests, he left the colony. The Servant of God keenly felt these losses; but as he was wont to consider the action of Divine Providence in everything, he submitted cheerfully to the Supreme Will of God. On the occasion of the death of Father Janssen he writes: "This is a severe blow, indeed! Yet it is God's Holy Will, which we must respect at all times." And after Father Grooff had gone he writes: "A painful loss, which cannot be replaced! But what shall I say? It is the Holy Will of God. He gave him to us; He, too, has taken him from us. However painful it may be, God's Will be done!"

Owing to these two losses, the work became every day heavier for the two remaining priests, Father Schepers and the Servant of God. Besides their work in the capital, they were obliged every two weeks to visit the neighboring Fort Amsterdam where the soldiers resided. Father Schepers had also to visit at intervals the plantations Toledo and Johanna Catharina, stopping on these occasions at the leper establishment at Batavia. During these absences, Father Donders was quite alone in the spiritual care of Paramaribo. The fruits of their labors and sacrifices were rich, indeed. God blessed their generosity in a visible manner; for generous they were, these two apostles. Father Schepers notes in his diary: "The times are so hard, we must forget half of our daily food, which is scarcely sufficient for the two of us."

The more the Servant of God had to labor the more zealous he was, the happier he felt. "There is plenty to do here," he writes, "there is a superabundance of work. Far from losing courage or becoming downcast, I thank God from the depth of my heart that He has fulfilled my one desire, and has deigned to use me as an instrument for the conversion of sinners and infidels."

To see before him so rich a harvest and so great a dearth of reapers, so much work and so few priests, was something that pierced his apostolic soul like a sword. He resolved to address himself to the priests in the mother-country. He did so in an open letter, which fairly burns with the love of God and of immortal souls. "Where are laborers so much needed," he writes, "*Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci* — The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few.

How many plantations are we unable to visit on account of the lack of priests! What numbers of Indians, still living in darkness and the shadow of death, who never enjoy the blessing of a visit from a priest to direct them on the way to heaven! And yet how anxious they are to have a priest among them! How I pity those poor aborigines! I cannot give them any other help than that of my poor prayers. O priests of our Lord Jesus Christ, to you I raise my voice. Oh, for the love of God, for the love of Jesus Christ who came down from heaven to redeem us who were lost, I beseech you, come to our aid. Let us not succumb beneath the weight of a burden that we are no longer able to bear. Have compassion on so many unfortunate souls who will be lost forever if you refuse to assist them. Have not they been redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ as well as we? If, then, any of you should hear the voice of God, I beg you most earnestly not to harden your hearts. Fear not. If only your intention be the glory of God and the salvation of souls, you have nothing to fear. It is true, we cannot offer you pleasures, satisfactions, worldly goods; but we have every reason to hope that God will keep His promise and will be both your and our recompense. Come, then, we beg, we beseech you; come, and come quickly to our aid!" He then addresses himself to the faithful in general, and concludes: "All of you, dearly beloved, assist us by your prayers. Pray the Lord of the vineyard to send us help, to bless our labors to win souls for Him who loves them so much. How powerful with God is the united and persevering prayer of the just!"

When soon afterwards the Mission was provided with an abundant supply of priests, it may be considered in great part as the result of Peter Donders' unremitting efforts and continued prayers.

(*To be continued*)

In giving oneself to God, the heart does not lose its natural tenderness; on the contrary, its love grows deeper by becoming more pure and more Christlike. (*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

NOVENA—ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH—WICHITA, KANSAS

For the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. Holy Communions distributed—1200. Confessions heard—600. Sermons preached by Reverend Peter Thomas, C.Ss.R.

The Twenty-eight Steps

GEORGE F. VIMER

Milly Loner did a very surprising thing; even more astounding than if she had gone to the social function of the year clad in a riding habit. Milly had been converted!

Now mind you, there are many things to which one may become converted without upsetting the equilibrium of other members of your social circle, such as a new shade of face-powder or a new style of coiffure. But when you believe all along that a certain acquaintance possesses at least some degree of intelligence and then have that very person toss all rationality to the wind and join the Romanists, you are justified in emitting a girlish squeal and then demanding smelling-salts in your best and very weakest sick-room voice. That is—if you are of that gender of mankind who constantly require that type of stimulant.

People must talk you know. Perhaps just to be sociable. Perhaps because it is the only thing they can do well, but anyway, Milly Loner became the topic of the day. Milly's was a flaming example of just what could happen when one stooped to read religious pamphlets. What did it bring her? Nothing but a terrible drop from intellectual freedom to the "ring-in-the-nose" obedience to the Pope. Poor misled Milly.

But the local society was by no means the only thing shocked. There was Milly's husband, Ronald. Long had he been the outstanding propagator of Eugenics in his community. Ronald turned white upon hearing the great news, put the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth, sputtered for a few moments like a candle in the rain, and then when his astonishment, horror, amazement, or whatever you choose to call it, ebbed sufficiently for his speech to flow, he spoke a few words. Yes, dear Ronald, a few words—but very appropriate to the occasion.

It was evident to Ronald that he must now work alone in building up a strong-bodied race; in weeding out the infirm and the crippled. Yes, the great work of the "elimination of the unfit" must go on despite the loss of his chief supporter.

And it was also evident that Milly intended sooner or later, to inveigle her consort into the same error into which she had fallen. Like Eve, Milly was not satisfied with eating the fruit alone, but must bring

about the downfall of her mate. Unlike Adam, Ronald intended to back against his wall of Eugenics and defend himself.

Several months faded away, as months are apt to do when one passes a certain age, and Milly's conversion became ancient history. "Thirty-five today," Milly informed her mirror, "and I'm not crying about it, either." Milly had entered this cold world one month before Ronald, and, therefore, considered him something of a child. Women are like that. But thirty-five or no thirty-five, they were of that fortunate variety of mortals who always seem to remain young. Milly smiled at her youthful reflection in the long mirror as she completed the picture of charm by adding a jewel to her throat.

Noticing Ronald's car enter the drive she hastily surveyed her figure for the last time. It was a little early for Ronald to return from his afternoon canter in the park, but Milly guessed that he must have decided to hurry home and surprise her with a gift. Milly had unwittingly come across a jeweler's invoice while writing a note at Ronald's desk, and had the battle of her life then and there to keep from examining its contents. Abruptly she left off musing and hurried down as happy as a child. Milly burst into the hall, anxious to see the effect her new gown would have upon him. But it wasn't Ronald she encountered.

"Why—why, how do you do, Mr. Brant," Milly stammered in surprise. "I thought it was Ronald. Haven't you been riding with him?" Then her eyes widened in alarm as she noticed that Brant was still clad in riding boots and breeches, and that his expression was almost painfully sober. "Has something happened to Ronald?" Her cheeks drained of color and the two faint spots of rouge stood out upon her velvety skin like two patches.

Then Brant found his voice. "Yes, Mrs. Loner. His horse tripped during a gallop and—and rolled over Ronald's legs. The right leg may be permanently paralyzed. I—I brought his car home." All the way from the hospital Brant had been trying to invent a gentle way to break the news to Milly, but now in her presence he had made a mess of it all.

Dreary weeks followed for Milly. Ronald proved to be a very trying patient. But on this fine, bright morning late in June, he was more at peace than at any time since the mishap. He was sitting propped up by pillows in a fan-chair in his room, watching the stream of traffic flow past his window. He was not of that crowd any more. The world was going on without him; leaving him far behind; had even forgotten

him. True, there had been many inquiries and flowers and such, but that was more or less a social obligation. A convention they felt obliged to respect. But now he was no longer one of them. Slowly and politely he had been removed from his old circle. He was now just someone to be inquired about at intervals, to be sympathized with, and then just as quickly forgotten. His isolation had been as complete and unbending as that which he had advocated in his doctrine for others.

A shadow of bitterness passed over him, but the streams of sunlight pouring in upon him seemed to drive it away. Milly entered the room and gently rearranged his pillows, then smiled at him and seated herself by his side, taking up her book to continue where she had left off.

Ronald turned to watch her as she read aloud. She was trying hard to make life pleasant for him. He was not the only one who was suffering. She was bound to him; could not cast him off as the others had done.

"Milly," he said as if talking to himself. "Have you been praying for me?"

"Wh-why yes," Milly confessed, startled at the strange question. "Why, dear?"

"I was just wondering if that had been the cause of my misfortune," Ronald answered without emotion.

"Why, dear!" Milly choked, "you mustn't say that! We only get that which is good for us." She did not feel that Ronald was accusing her of his misfortune, as indeed he was not, but that he was in some way trying to pin it on her religion.

"Good for us!" Ronald sneered. "My being pushed from the heights and cast into the junk pile of humanity—a good!"

"Yes, Ronald, dear," Milly countered feebly, "but you do not see it that way as yet. But come, you are getting worked up. The doctor will be angry when he comes. Remember, he said you could walk about after he examines you." She hastily dried her eyes and fussed about his pillows.

"Walk!" Ronald quietly grumbled, somewhat pacified by Milly's little attentions. "Hobbling about for the rest of my days with a cane can hardly be called walking."

"Now, dear," Milly pleaded, "you are just bored with the surroundings. After you are stronger, we will go away on a nice cruise up the St. Lawrence as you promised me. The change will make you feel

much better." Milly secretly yearned for Quebec, with all its miraculous shrines round about. Medical science had failed, but there still remained a higher court of appeal.

The summer tourist season was about at an end. The picturesque city of Quebec could again settle back to its routine. Tranquillity enveloped the country. French was again the language of the day. Milly watched at the door of their apartment for the chauffeur to bring the car around. Today they were to drive out to the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre to spend a couple of days, and to see the Basilica. Milly's heart bounded with joy. It was for this she had so patiently waited. The past few weeks had been but a preliminary to this. A sort of preparing the way for the big thing.

The people's unconcealed profession and acceptance of religion had, so to speak, irritated Ronald, but he had gradually come to accept it, as he had learned to accept Milly's fish on Friday, as something more or less inevitable.

"The car is here," Milly announced and then hurried to Ronald who was sitting on the sofa, dressed for the trip. With scarcely any help from Milly, Ronald limped slowly to the car, relying almost solely on his cane.

The twenty-one miles had proved rather ordinary and only now and then did Ronald turn his head, and then to see some cleric garbed in his religious habit walking in solemn contemplation. In this uneventful way they entered the quiet little village. There was the great unfinished Basilica, the center of all attraction. It seemed to be placed in the center of a mammoth painting with the expansive St. Lawrence flowing calmly in the near distance, and with the background of hills, rising majestic and serene, scarcely visible in the bluish haze of the distance beyond the river.

"Well, here we are," Ronald remarked indifferently. "What is next on the program? I have reserved the hotel rooms."

That evening they sat in their room, Ronald gazing out the windows and seeing nothing. He was thinking over the happenings of the day. Milly sat silently at his side.

"I noticed," he finally remarked, "that every party that came there today (he motioned to the Basilica) seemed to be leading some crippled or diseased person to the Shrine. They all seem to be under the impression that if they bow before that statue of St. Anne and make pious

faces, they will be cured somehow. It was all very revolting to me. What a lack of intelligence!"

"But it has happened," Milly parried feebly.

"It has happened!" Ronald stormed. "How you talk! If anything did happen, it was to those whose ailments were mostly imagery. They only thought they had been cured, when in reality, the only thing to be cured was their imagination!"

A knock sounded on the door. Milly hurried to admit the caller. It turned out to be a pious old lady with whom Milly had chatted during the afternoon. The old woman did not enter but merely stood in the doorway. "Is your husband any better?" she asked Milly. "I did hope that St. Anne would cure his ailment." An electric silence filled the air. Milly turned frightened eyes toward Ronald who sat thunder-struck, glaring out into the night.

"We—we, well, you see," Milly stammered, "we just came to see the Basilica, don't you know, and really, Ronald had no such intention in mind."

Shortly after, the caller left, bewildered by the sudden undercurrent of hostility she had unwittingly created. Milly returned slowly to her seat beside Ronald.

"So," Ronald muttered, after an amazingly long and terrible silence. "So that is what they think! That I, too, have come here to make pious faces and walk away a new man."

"You mustn't take it like that," Milly pleaded. "Perhaps the only person who gave it a thought was this pious old lady who meant only good."

He seemed not to have heard. His eyes were glassy and still riveted out the window into space. "It is too late to go back to Quebec tonight," Ronald declared quietly, "but we will leave the first thing in the morning. Also, the sooner we get back to the States the better. I've had enough of this foolishness—these people with their all-pervading religion. It will seem good to see a rational man again."

To change this edict was impossible, so Milly deemed it best to leave Ronald to his thoughts, and attend the evening services at the Basilica. The matter had come to a head—unfavorably. To convert Ronald was now practically an impossibility. All because of a thoughtless little accident. However, Milly was sufficiently feminine to take this complication to St. Anne and expect that Saint to remove the snarls. Women are like that.

After Milly's departure, Ronald sat at the window in the dark and drearily watched her vanish in the small crowd entering the Church. Shortly the streets became deserted and Ronald sat gazing blankly into the night. It was a beautiful night, with only a slice of moon in the sky and a scant sprinkling of dim stars. It seemed a pity to remain cooped up in this room when he could be out in the brisk night air. He could be back in the room before the services were over and no one would be the wiser.

Taking his hat and cane he went slowly down into the quiet street. The route that seemed to be the darkest and the least apt to be frequented at present was in the direction of the Memorial Chapel and Scala Santa. So in this direction he turned his steps. Now, with only his cane for support and no Milly to lean on, even the short distance to the Spring was a tiring journey, so Ronald sat heavily down upon the Chapel steps to rest and reflect in the glorious stillness of the night.

"What's that!" Ronald exclaimed as he became aware of breathing almost at his side. Quickly he struck a match and turned to investigate. He discovered a smallish boy of about eight years, sitting there with his chin resting in his hands. The youngster glanced indifferently in the direction of the flame, and then seemed to melt away into darkness as the match burnt out. The lad was surprisingly handsome, with large blue eyes, and blond hair that had a tendency to fluffiness. "I didn't know you were here, son. I almost sat on you, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," the child replied in the most matter of fact tone. There was a charm about that voice that sent its appeal direct to Ronald's heart.

"By the way," Ronald asked, "isn't it rather late and dark for a young gentleman like yourself to be out in this spooky nook?"

"Yes, sir, it is rather late," the same serious voice floated out of the darkness, "but the dark doesn't bother me." He paused a moment as if considering some problem of great importance. "But I did so want a drink of that water (motioning to the Holy Spring, though Ronald could not see the gesture) and to go up the Holy Stairs before going to bed. I couldn't reach the water, you know," he added as an afterthought. "And I was a little afraid to tackle the Stairs alone."

"Oh, I see," Ronald answered heartily. "So that is where I fit in

the picture." He was enjoying this refreshing earnestness. How unvarnished and interesting a boy could be. "I have a bad leg," Ronald confessed lightly as he struggled upright and grasped the hand of the child held out to him. Ronald could not see the hand before he reached for it, but he somehow felt that the lad was offering it to him. "Now to strike a match and find something that will hold water." He reached for a tin cup the flare had revealed dangling near the tap, and filled it. "Now here is your water, young man."

The youngster drank from the cup that Ronald placed in his hands. "But it does seem kind of beastly," the lad admitted, handing the cup back to Ronald, "for me to expect you to take me up the Stairs. Your leg, you know. It doesn't seem quite right. Oh, I almost forgot—thank you for the water."

"Don't mention it," Ronald acknowledged. "As for the Stairs, well, we can take them slowly, and I'm sure we will have no difficulty. But let us get started before someone locks up the building." Hand in hand they climbed the long series of steps and steep paths beyond the Chapel and up the hill to the building which housed the Stairs.

"Well, I see the door is still unfastened," Ronald said, pushing it open, "so let's get in and get this over with." They entered and approached the flight. "It's a little dark in here with only the flicker of those candles burning before the idols—er, pardon me, the images. I take it that we start on the first straight step and work up on our knees. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir." The lad's voice trembled ever so slightly. "Twenty-eight straight steps in all."

"You take this rather seriously, don't you?" said Ronald, unable to understand why any such fine boy should want to go through with this senseless procedure.

"Yes, sir, I do." It was evident from his voice that his whole soul was in this undertaking. "B-but do you think St. Anne will answer my request here instead of my going to her statue in the Church? The people gape so, you know, and I thought St. Anne woudn't mind."

"Yes, I understand," Ronald assented. "And I'm sure St. Anne will hear you here the same as in the Basilica. By the way, do you want me to go up the steps with you, or just wait here?"

"Please come up, too, if your leg will permit," the lad implored earnestly, "and perhaps St. Anne will help you, too."

"I'm afraid my leg is hopeless," Ronald answered, not in the least angered, as he would have been if someone else had broached the subject, "but I'll go along anyway. That reminds me—" they were already kneeling on the first straight step, "would it be asking too much if I ask what favor you desire to obtain by going through all this?"

"I — I had hoped that you wouldn't ask. I tried so hard to conceal it. But it is like — like being blindfolded; always dark. If I could only see again!" All the reserve of the boy and all his manly poise seemed to vanish with the one heart-rending convulsion of the little body that followed the revelation. Ronald realized the pent-up emotions, the terrible hope that must be swelling to the bursting point within that little frame beside him.

"See again!" Ronald rolled the words over his tongue as if he had never heard them before. The terrible agony of the boy seemed to transmit itself to Ronald, and his whole heart went out to the child who knelt beside him; kneeling prostrate, with his face buried in his hands upon the steps above. "So that is why you stumbled so often. I wondered why you wouldn't let go of my hand, but it is all too clear now. Poor boy," and Ronald helplessly stroked the fluffy head beside him.

"I — I guess we had better go up," the lad declared, recovering some of his former composure.

"You want to go on with this?" Ronald asked incredulously. "You really believe that this Saint can do something for you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. But — " his very soul seemed to bring its appeal to Ronald, "but you really think that St. Anne will hear me here? Even though her statue is in the Basilica?"

Ronald tried to swallow the lump in his throat but hardly succeeded. "Yes, I'm positive!"

The climb upward was slow. Step after step they mounted, gradually approaching that frightening last step which would reveal the verdict. Ronald patiently dragged his useless leg. About half way up, he consciously looked ahead to the top for the first time since they began to climb. Now at the head of the stair is a small altar upon which is the celebrated group of Ecce Homo: Pilate showing the Redeemer to the crowd and saying, "Ecce Homo—behold the man."

"Behold the man," Ronald was thinking. "But just a man after all. The greatest prophet, but no more." He recalled the guide's words that afternoon: "Now on this altar—we have our Lord before Pilate."

The Ecce Homo was there in its little sanctuary—and then Ronald started! He looked again to make certain his eyes hadn't deceived him, but sure enough, the statue of St. Anne was there, too! Just outside the altar railing it stood, at the head of the stair, and in front of the Ecce Homo. St. Anne was graciously smiling with the child Mary in her arms.

"Your statue of St. Anne is here after all!" Ronald exclaimed in wonder to the lad. "It wasn't here this afternoon when I came to see the place."

The child's features seemed to radiate with joy. "St. Anne is here?" he asked incredulously. "With the infant Mary in her arms? And the golden rays? And Crown? And — ?"

"Yes, just as she was in the Basilica," and Ronald began to wonder how such a large affair could be transferred up the steep hill to this building without causing considerable excitement in the village.

The child was lost in ecstasy. It appeared to Ronald that the Saints must have been like this boy. Yet his old convictions would not give way. It still seemed so futile.

One more step! The tension was showing. The lad's whole being was in that last prayer. His handsome face eagerly seeking the statue he could not see. The minutes seemed eternities. The last prayer was over!

The silence was painful. Failure was imminent. The realization was slowly creeping into the child's mind, but he bravely tried not to believe that he had failed; that he was still enshrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. Great glassy tears rolled down his pale cheeks. Every cord in Ronald's heart ached for this trusting boy.

"Well, the climb is over and the youngster is still blind," Ronald growled savagely at the statute. "What mockery! This advanced civilization still holding to the superstitious beliefs of the dark ages."

He could bear it no longer. Snarling, he rose to his feet, only stifling the blasphemy that rose to his lips because of the child's presence. This statue must be destroyed. It must be done to save others from the agony this fine lad had undergone. A heave from the rear and it would go crashing down the long flight of steps. He turned and bent over the sobbing child to carry him to a place of safety, but the expression on the boy's face arrested him. The little fellow caressingly passed a hand over Ronald's cheek.

"Wh—why, I can see you!"

Ronald's head began to swim and his vision to blur. A frenzied groan escaped his lips. He helplessly moved his hand over his brow. It was beyond all comprehension. Then, his very blood seemed to freeze in his veins. He was using his paralyzed leg! Reeling, dazed, he turned to beg forgiveness. But the statue was gone! St. Anne was again in the Basilica. Pilate seemed to be speaking to him: "Ecce Homo —behold the man!"

"You can't do that!" Ronald groaned, stumbling forward and grasping the altar-rail with trembling hands. Streams of perspiration were coursing down his face as he confronted Pilate. "Don't give Him to the crowd! Can't you see—He *is* God!"

OUR PRESENT NEEDS

We are far from denying the presence of great want, and we are far from rejoicing over the suffering caused.

But it is well at such times to keep our balance and recall the examples of heroic men who have, so to speak, laughed at hardship and extremest privation.

In Father Duchaussois' *Story of Early Missionaries to Canada*, we come again and again upon accounts such as, for instance, Fathers Tache and Faraud wrote to their Superior. He had tried to check their ardor. The two missionaries replied:

"Your letter afflicts us deeply, but does not discourage us. We know that you have the interests of our missions at heart, and, for ourselves, we cannot bear the idea of abandoning our numerous neophytes and catechumens. We hope it will always be possible for you to send us altar breads and altar wine. We want the consolation and strength of Holy Mass, and we ask for nothing whatever besides. The fish of the lakes will suffice for our food; the skins of wild animals for our clothing. For mercy's sake, do not call us back."

NOVENA—PERPETUAL HELP CHURCH—KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

In preparation for Mary's Immaculate Conception. Total attendance—46,800. Holy Communions distributed—17,000. Confessions heard—3,148. Conducted by Father Michael Moriarty, C.Ss.R.



**Archconfraternity
OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP**

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

IN SICKNESS AND IN PAIN

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Perhaps you are suffering. Wearily the hours of day—wearer still the hours of the night wear on. You who were so active, whose fingers never knew rest, who loved to be up and doing, who had a thousand plans and projects—are forced to lie idly abed the livelong day. You cannot look after the children—perhaps their very gaiety is a source of vexation; you cannot look after your home; you feel yourself a burden to all. Pain comes to add its torture and mayhap the dread of a serious outcome.

To some the angel of suffering comes in the years of childhood; to others in the riper years of youth, when life is so promising and the future so bright; to others in the years of maturity when life's sweetest pleasures as well as most serious duties lie at hand around them; to others finally when they already totter under the weight of summers of joy and winters of toil and sadness.

Some are cast down by an accident, some by sudden and swift disease, some by chronic ailment and some are invalids all their life.

You have seen them all—you have gone through it perhaps yourselves.

But if it is a trial to bear illness and pain ourselves or to waste away in long continued infirmity, perhaps it is still more of a trial to be forced to stand by when that dear child of yours is in pain and suffering; when that beloved one is stricken with some serious malady that makes you see the shadows of death hovering over the bed.

Ah, we know that sickness, suffering, pain, are not unmitigated evils. We realize that ever since Our dear Lord took upon Himself the bitterest of tortures, suffering has become a school where we can

learn to become more and more like Him and prepare for life—the real life—in the world to come.

And still, it is difficult, as school is difficult; it is tedious and irksome; it is a trial. To whom shall we turn for aid and strength?

There are friends—kind, loyal, generous, surprisingly sympathetic and helpful. What a help, what a blessing they are!

According to the life of Bishop de Mazenod, the founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, sympathy for the sick was one of his outstanding characteristics. We read there:

It was above all in regard to the sick among his children that his charity and tender devotedness were manifested.

"How hard I find it," he would say, "to be resigned when others are in pain! I suffer more in mind than they in body."

The prospect of losing one of those whom God had confided to his care almost brought him to death's door. He said:

"If I could save him by giving my blood for him, I would gladly present both arms to be lanced."

If these friends, brothers, sisters, parents, whose sympathetic help makes them shine like angels of the sick room, how much more ready must not Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help be to assist us in those dark hours. And not only ready—but all tender and powerful.

She saw her beloved Son in His torment; she saw the blood trickling down from those Sacred Wounds; she heard each laboring breath; she saw the shudder of death pass over that sweet and beloved form on the Cross; she heard His dying words; she closed those eyes in death.

She knows all the depths of suffering and all the darkness of the hours of sickness.

To her, then, Mother of Perpetual Help, let us turn with the fervent prayer:

"In sickness and pain, Come to my help, O loving Mother!"

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: I have had eye trouble for 18 years. Specialists termed the trouble Inflammation of the Cornea. During the past four years I have been in constant care of the best eye specialist obtainable. He feared that it would be necessary to remove the one eye in order to save the other, because the eyeball had grown so large. I could see practically nothing with the afflicted eye, and had less than half sight in

the other. I prayed to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Just about a month ago I was examined. The doctor was very much surprised at the improvement in the afflicted eye, for the tension had gone down to normal. The sight, too, in the other eye seemed stronger. Now I can read a little with the afflicted eye. This is the first time I have ever had such encouragement. I truly believe Our Lady has helped me. I promised publication of this help. I promised also to make the Nine Tuesdays in Mary's honor.—“A Client of Mary.” (Wichita, Kansas.)

* * *

Dear Father: A neighbor of mine was anointed by the priest, and taken to the hospital in a very critical condition. I was making the Novena of Tuesdays and asked Our Blessed Mother to intercede for this man. After having undergone an operation and having had two blood transfusions, he rallied. During his illness we pinned a badge of Our Mother of Perpetual Help on him. We promised to publish the favor, if he were cured. He is now strong and entirely recovered. We gratefully acknowledge the power of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in obtaining not only his recovery but also his complete restoration to health. (St. Louis, Missouri.)

* * *

Dear Father: About a year ago I received a great favor from Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I had been out of work, and I had no home here. One day I heard a priest preaching a sermon on the good works of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. So I made a Novena and prayed fervently. My prayer was answered. I got a job and a home. Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I promised to make this favor known. (Newton Center, Massachusetts.)

* * *

Dear Father: I have been attending the Novena Services, that my father would regain his former position. My Novena was successful. My father obtained his former position. Enclosed you will find an offering for the shrine. I will continue to attend the Novena Services as long as I can. I thank Our Mother of Perpetual Help. I appreciate the prayers of the Fathers and the Congregation, and I wish to express my thanks to them. (New Orleans.)

NOVENA—ROCK CHURCH—ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

For the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Total attendance—165,657. Holy Communions distributed—27,900. Confessions heard—9,193. Conducted by Redemptorist Fathers, James Dreis, Thomas Berry and Paul Baudry.

Catholic Anecdotes

HE IS THERE

Some years ago *Catholic Light*, an Australian Catholic weekly, printed the following anecdote:

The other day we happened to be in a neighboring city. On a street car were half a dozen men, one of them a priest, and a woman. The woman occupied the seat with the priest. It could easily be seen that they were not acquaintances.

Presently a church came into view, and, strange to relate, every man in the car save one lifted his hat. The church bore a cross—it was a Catholic church, and the men were Catholics.

Shortly after passing the edifice we noticed the woman in the car pass her card to the priest.

"Tell me, please, she said, addressing the priest, "why do you lift your hat when passing a church?"

The clergyman was evidently taken by surprise, for he did not reply at once. Finally he answered simply:

"Our Lord is there."

Then there was a silence for several moments, followed by questions and answers. At last, as the priest prepared to leave the car, we heard the woman say:

"If I could believe that my Saviour was in the church, I would spend the rest of my days there in adoration."

A GREAT GRACE

A touching drama of what seems to be an answer to prayer was enacted in one of London's busiest thoroughfares recently. A young woman was knocked down by a motor car, and as she lay with serious injuries to the head, awaiting the arrival of the ambulance, a priest who was passing was attracted to the scene. No one standing round knew the unfortunate woman, but the priest recognized the Child of Mary medal which she wore, and which, despite its soiled and bent appearance, gave him the identification he sought.

In the midst of a nondescript crowd, he knelt at her side and administered the last consolations of religion. A few moments later the woman was dead. At the inquest it transpired that the deceased woman was a native of County Kilkenny, and that the priest was a Capuchin Friar of Kilkenny, who chanced to be passing through London at the time.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

On December 12, 1831, one might say, the Order of Sisters of Mercy was founded, in Dublin, Ireland, by Catherine McAuley. That day, this young woman with two companions, made her perpetual vows. From these three grew an Order which has spread throughout the world and in the course of one hundred years has written in almost every clime and land a record of deeds of heavenly mercy.

We cannot help admiring evident signs of Divine Providence in this foundation as in the foundation of all religious orders.

When a hundred years ago, Mother McAuley—an orphan who had been confided to the care of a Protestant family—was left an heiress, she felt she must do something for the poor.

Crosses, conflicts, misunderstandings were not wanting; but God was watching over her noble resolves and its execution.

She wished at first to build a school for her girls; her architect erected a convent. She gathered around her a few women to teach this school—and before long, they were inspired and trained to found an Order.

Moreover, this foundation came at a time when Ireland needed it most. It was just before the famine time, the cholera time, the days of emigration, the days of the Queen's Colleges, and the growth of materialism.

In its growth, too, the hand of Providence is clear. Founded in 1831 it spread rapidly through Ireland, it was introduced into England in 1839, to Newfoundland in 1842, to the United States in 1843, to South America in 1856 and now it is to be found in almost every part of the world.

A Catholic girl, left parentless, taken in by a Protestant family, was the instrument chosen by God to inaugurate the great work.

Pointed Paragraphs

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1932

In days gone by this was the common way in which all documents began. Time was so called by the people, who understood what the terms meant.

It were well for the world today if we could get back not only to a formal use of the phrase, but to an understanding of it and an intelligent use of it.

This year, like every year, is given to us by God.

This year, like every other year, with all its opportunities and graces was merited for us by Our Lord, through His Holy Birth at Bethlehem and His Sacred Life and Bitter Passion and Death.

This year, like every other year, is a special grace of His, therefore, to enable us to insure our own salvation and to work for the spread of His Kingdom on earth.

For all these reasons, let us begin the year with this in mind. The grasp of these truths about the year 1932 will enable us to look forward to it with hope and confidence and utilize each day of it as it comes with love for God, and real profit to ourselves.

FORGOTTEN

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, speaking on the occasion of the decree approving the cause of Gemma Galgani, on November 29, declared that God is too much forgotten today by men seeking a remedy for the crisis the world is now undergoing.

He said that he wished to glorify Gemma Galgani in order to bring before men again the example of those humble, simple, ordinary virtues which stand at the base of all extraordinary divine gifts. The example of this saintly young woman, who died in 1903, is highly suitable to our days, he declared, because it recalls the spirit of faith and penitence with which man must accept human events, always recognizing through them the hand of God, Who gives and takes away and must always be blessed.

God is too much forgotten today, the Holy Father said, because in

the continuous and multiform activity of men seeking a remedy for the present evils the name of God is not mentioned. Men study means for surmounting the present sad circumstances, but forget to implore His light and help, while no worse punishment could befall men than to be abandoned to their own feeble devices.

His Holiness recommended the spirit of penance also. When one bears his own sufferings generously, he finds strength and inspiration to bear the sufferings of others. Therefore, he said, he turned chiefly to the poor, because the poor are always more generous and more delicate in responding, even in their poverty, to an appeal for charity.

THAT FEDERAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Time and again the bill to introduce a Federal Department of Education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet, has been set aside or tabled. But those who seek to gain control of all education in the land, just as persistently return to the charge. And here it is again, ready to be forced upon Congress.

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, in his annual report for 1931, opposes the idea, and brings an argument that cannot be gainsaid except by blind advocates of a Federal Education dictatorship. His argument is based on facts.

"Our experience," he declares, "with centralized supervision of education for the Indians, should warn the American people away from centralized control of their own education from Washington. Prejudice, bad advice, or lack of brains, may temporarily flood any educational enterprise; but a ship with forty-eight compartments is hard to sink."

When dealing with the Advisory Committee's report on Education, to which we referred last month, he says:

"The policies outlined by the committee, emphasizing as they do the necessity for preserving the American theory of decentralization, are an excellent chart. But the recommendation that they be furthered by creation of a Federal Department of Education deserves further study.

"My experience with federal bureaus and departments does not encourage the belief that, once created, decentralization becomes the goal.

"Because the Department of the Interior includes the Office of Education, and has a large educational responsibility in the Indian Service, it has had an opportunity to see the Federal Government in operation

in the educational field at both extremes." And by figures he shows that centralized control is folly, and then concludes:

"The report points out that the inherent strength of the American education system is that it is administered by 150,000 local school boards, responsible to local opinion, in place of a national ministry at Washington. If we needed any reminder of the benefits of the traditional American system, we can look to the federal experiment in the control of Indian education and thank Providence that our educational troubles are solved at home and not in Washington."

We ought to make these last words a slogan: Thank Providence that our educational problems are solved at home and not in Washington. These are clear words from a member of the President's Cabinet.

THE BEST OF ALL MOTIVES

Bishop Turner of Buffalo, recently addressing the Seniors of a Catholic Girls' College on Cap and Gown Sunday, recalled to the minds of the students some truths that are very pertinent and worth remembering by us all. Bishop Turner said:

"Human action and human conduct are valued and judged by various elements that enter into them. But among those elements the one which I think has the most determining effect and value in human conduct is motive.

"The lowest of all motives is, of course, the desire for gain. Impelled by that motive, men do accomplish a great deal; but it is acknowledged that when the love of gain is the sole motive, it is a sordid motive, a selfish motive, and needs something else to purify it and elevate it. Love of gain for the sake of others, to provide for others, is a motive somewhat higher than the love of gain for personal purposes and uses.

"The motive of service for others, the motive that impels to action and conduct out of love for others, is a still higher motive. It is a motive that is unselfish. When I speak of personal gain or of reward in general for our conduct, or action, understand that such a consideration may enter into the mind of a person; in fact, we are advised in our spiritual conduct to consider the pains of hell and the joys of heaven. When I speak of working for a reward, I mean working for the reward above. An agent or a person may be unselfish and still

know that there is a reward and consider that reward. That is not his chief motive.

"To serve others, then, out of affection or love, especially those who naturally look to us for help and assistance and protection, is a higher motive of conduct than the consideration of pay, wage, or any other material reward.

"But highest of all is the motive of the love of God. It is a motive that is not too high, too abstract, or too exacting for any of us. St. Paul puts that in the words of today's epistle—not before the Apostles nor a select group of Christians—but he speaks to all Christians when he says: 'Whatever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"For us Catholics especially, that ought to be easy. To do things in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ should be easier for us than for any others, for to us Christ is not merely a person who lived two thousand years ago, and about whom we read in our Bible. On the contrary He enters into our daily lives. He is a personality—a personality that is approachable, that is accessible, with Whom we may converse every day and at any hour of the day.

"And so, in one word, we can claim to know our Lord Jesus Christ better in a human way, I might say, than anybody else. He is close to us; we know Him. We may say we understand Him, and we know He understands us. Therefore, to do all things whatsoever in His name ought to be easy, ought to be feasible, and ought to be pleasant and satisfactory for each and every one of us who have had a Catholic training."

A successful business woman says: "Personality is the greatest factor in business, and a smile is the greatest factor in personality." People have been told to "have personality," and they don't know what it means or how to go about it. But if smiling is the principal factor, that is definite and understandable.

Every young man who is Catholic in heart and in principle should enroll himself in the ranks of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and become an active exemplary member of it. What nobler than to visit, counsel, exhort, instruct, encourage and alleviate the poor, the suffering, the needy, the destitute, and the sick!

Catholic Events

Rome and all the world has been saddened by the loss of priceless treasures of art, some of the world's rarest manuscripts and thousands of valuable books, which were either destroyed or damaged, according to press dispatches from Rome, when the roof of the Sala Sistina, a wing of the Vatican Library, collapsed and fell through two floors, on Tuesday afternoon.

It was reported that a young Italian lawyer, Dr. Marco Vatasso, and four workmen, were killed, or died as the result of injuries.

The wing was part of the original Vatican Library built by Pope Sixtus V in 1588, two years before his death. The same Pontiff built the adjoining printing office and the wing of the Vatican inhabited by the Popes.

Although the majority of the glass cases containing priceless manuscripts in the Sala Sistina escaped serious damage, at least one case is known to have been carried down with the wreckage, and a number of other objects of great historical or artistic worth in the same room were destroyed.

The salvage forces of the Vatican City and the Rome fire department succeeded in extricating from the debris Dr. Marco Vatasso, distinguished young bibliophile and lawyer. He was so seriously injured that he died en route to the hospital. Four workmen who were trapped on a lower floor have not been found and all are believed dead.

Probably only the lateness of the hour saved the lives of many others, as one of the rooms destroyed was the Sala di Consultazione, or reading room for students, directly beneath the Sala Sistina. Only a few moments before the crash the last of the daily visitors had left this room and the Sala Sistina—the most magnificent and famous spot in the Vatican Library. Dr. Vatasso had lingered in the reading room.

That the loss of invaluable treasures in the Sala Sistina was not greater apparently was due to the fact that sturdy construction kept intact all except a section of about fifty feet of the ceiling in the central bay of the room, which is 200 feet long and fifty wide.

Word of the disaster was carried immediately by Monsignor Mercati, chief librarian, to Pope Pius XI. The recataloguing of the Vatican Library, with the assistance of the Carnegie Foundation, has been one of the many projects dear to the Pontiff, who expressed great grief at the reported loss of life.

The process of the salvage work, carried on by the aid of search-lights, had not permitted a full estimate of the material losses. The most valuable object in the manuscript case known to have been carried down with the debris was a "Chronicle of St. Sofia." The first salvage

party to enter the building found this "Chronicle" near the top of the pile of wreckage, and the damage to it is not believed to be irreparable. The other contents of the case were lost, and the full extent of the damage to manuscripts in other cases which were broken by falling plaster has not yet been estimated.

Among other more famous contents of the Sala Sistina known to have been lost, however, were a collection of Sevres porcelain and a silver font used in the baptism of the Prince Imperial, presented by his father, Napoleon III; while two great granite tables supported by figures of Hercules were damaged severely.

The collection of ceramics in the Sala Sistina, mostly gifts of European monarchs to various Popes, was famous, and many pieces were broken or destroyed.

The material and sentimental loss in the lower rooms probably will be less than that in the Sala Sistina. The room immediately beneath, the reading room, contained about 20,000 volumes, but there was immediate visual evidence that the greater part might be saved, as it could be seen from the Belvedere Court that the iron bookcases had withstood the strain.

The collapse left the walls standing and did not even break several of the large windows in the front of the building.

According to the best reports available the collapse resulted from the giving way of three pillars in the center of a row of six which bisects the Sala Sistina.

* * *

One of the finest documents we have read in a long time is the protest made by the five Jesuit Provincials in Spain to the Spanish government against the recent decrees of dissolution. It reads, in part:

"While therefore we express to Spain and her Parliament our grief at the propaganda which aims at exciting against us the hatred of the noble Spanish people, we ask also not to be condemned without a hearing.

"As Spaniards we have all the rights which the new constitution which is now being formulated, gives to all Spaniards.

"We are members of honorable families; our relatives have not forfeited the right to defend our just claim to life and honor; nor can we consent that their names, which we continue to bear, should be defamed by such a punishment. . . .

"As Jesuits, we belong to an association which is especially connected with Spain, because its founder was a Spaniard, who fell wounded when fighting for Spain. The most notable of his first companions were also Spaniards. The history of the Society during the four centuries of its existence is inseparable from the Peninsular and Colonial history of Spain.

"We owe our property partly to the economy of our way of life and to inheritances and gifts from our relatives, and partly to the generosity of private persons or associations who provide us with funds for the charitable institutions entrusted to our direction. Those donors

and benefactors have a right to expect that the State will respect and make others respect, their wishes. How has the Society of Jesus fulfilled his trust?—We will not answer for ourselves; but we put before Parliament the obvious facts.

"What are the accusations which are made by the authors of the anti-Jesuit propaganda? They are but the old vague accusations, so many times repeated and so many times refuted in past centuries, full of lies and calumnies."

And then the protest goes on to answer these once more by facts that are plain and undeniable, in the most dignified way, as becomes men of high purpose and learning.

* * *

The American Jesuits of the Province of California and Arizona have just opened a new college in Shanghai, China, under the name of Gonzaga with the Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J., former vice-president of St. Ignatius' College, here, as president, the Very Rev. Joseph M. Piet, S.J., provincial of the Jesuits of the Pacific Coast, has announced.

The Rev. John A. Lennon, S.J., former vice-president of the University of Santa Clara, is a member of the faculty assisting Father Moore.

The new college is patterned after the Universities of San Francisco and Santa Clara and other noted educational institutions of the order.

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for the return of my health. Ten weeks ago I was taken ill, and due to prayers and faith in you, dear Mother, I am now able to get around. I know that my health has been restored through prayers to you, dear Mother.—Grand Rapids, Michigan.

REDEMPTORIST SCHOLARSHIPS

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 527.00
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Burse of St. Joseph, \$1,709.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$2,907.50;	
Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,968.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$22.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,036.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$247.25; Burse of St. Alphon- sus, \$43.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$405.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$4,514.00; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$2,100.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$3,008.74; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$70.43.	

Some Good Books

We have received a number of pamphlets and booklets, all of which we must warmly recommend to our readers and to those in charge of book racks.

War on God in Russia. By Rev. James Cleary, C.Ss.R. 20 pages. Price, 10c.

This is a clear and eloquent account of the working of Bolshevism in Russia. The pamphlet has had a very wide sale in Ireland.

Mary, Channel of All Grace. By Rev. James Cleary, C.Ss.R. Published by the Irish Messenger, Dublin. 24 pages. Price, 10c.

This is a very convincing statement of the evidence for that consoling doctrine, that by Our Lord's own design, all graces come to us through the hands of Our Blessed Mother. We have nowhere seen all the evidence put so completely and so well in so short a space.

Captain of His Soul. The Life of Francis Cullinan, S.J. By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 42 pages. Price, 10c.

"The story of Francis Cullinan (a young man of our own times) is worth telling" says the foreword, "if only to prove that goodness is a positive, not a negative quality. He won his spurs. It is worth reading in order that other young Americans, by using their great temptations to win the spurs of a clear intellect and a strong will, may be added to the ranks of those white horsemen who have ridden hard and well."

The Dim of Battle. The Story of Father William Doyle, S.J. For boys. By Gerald Kelly, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 37 pages. Price, 5c.

The story of Father Doyle is well known by many from the large biography which has had a wide sale. And I am sure that everyone who does know Father Doyle, will be glad to see this attempt to make every boy know this valiant priest. The story, in itself one of the most inspiring, is here made very attractive for the boy.

Buried Treasures. Our Own Heritage. By Mary Angela King. Published by The

Queen's Work. 20 pages. Price, 5c.

A spirited little discussion conducted by teacher and pupils indicating, but in a way that would inspire a wish for further study, the great things that Holy Church has done for civilization—literature, art, music, drama and culture in general.

It's Not Worth It. An Adventure that Failed. By Neil Boyton, S.J. Published The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 23 pages. Price, 5c.

Father Boyton who has given us many a good story already, here tells in a graphic way of a boy's adventure and how it ended. A lesson? It certainly has.

Murder in the Class Room. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 35 pages. Price, 10c.

"The Summer Colonists Discuss Catholic Education," Father Lord suggests by way of sub-title. And it makes the real title seem even more sensational. But read this pamphlet and see how much tragic truth there is behind it.

A Prayerbook for Catholics. With an Optional Sunday and Holy day Missal. By Rev. Placid Schmid, O.S.B. Published by Lawrence N. Daleiden, Chicago. 550 pages. Price, according to binding, \$2.00 to \$4.50. Without the Missal inserts, 75c less.

This is a general prayerbook, with prayers for the usual occasions, very well chosen and very well arranged.

But I wish to speak only of the novel feature of this book. In the book itself we find the Ordinary of the Mass. In a handy little box we find leaflets giving the Proper Parts of the Mass for all Sundays and every feast day of the year—a leaflet for each day. These leaflets can be inserted in the prayer book on each occasion and thus with very little trouble, the book becomes a Missal and a prayer book for general use.

If you have a chance, take a look at it. I am sure this feature of the arrangement will seem as good to you as it does to me.

Lucid Intervals

In Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said, finally. "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but I ain't never washed a eagle."

Father was a radio fan, and prided himself on the number of stations he could get. One evening whilst annoying the whole family with whistles and squeaks, he felt a sharp pain in his back, and exclaimed: "I believe I'm getting lumbago."

"What's the use of getting that?" returned his better half. "We won't be able to understand a word they say."

Caller: You report me as saying that I knew no more about the matter than I did about riding Greek goats.

Editor: Yes, sir. Wasn't that what you said?

Caller: Certainly not. I said "writing Greek odes."

Touchy on the Subject: The barber laid aside his shears and brandished the appropriate tool. "Wet or dry sir?" he asked.

"Never mind about my politics," growled the patron, "go ahead and comb my hair!"

Barber: "Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir?"

Hardware Dealer: "Yes, and your house needs painting, but I don't nag you about it."

Small Girl (entertaining her brother's fiancee): Is "Disaster" your Christian name or your surname?

Fiancee: What on earth do you mean?

Small Girl: Cos I heard daddy telling mummie that that was what Reggie was courting!

A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the M.D.

"Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation."

She stood, hanging onto a strap in the crowded street car. The man seated nearest her, rose and offered her his seat.

She fainted.

When she came to she thanked him. He fainted.

A colored minister sprung the follow-illustration on his flock one Sunday morning in order to give them a concrete idea of the length of eternity:

"Eternity! Why, my beloved sisters and brudders, yo' all ain't got no conception o' how long eternity's gonna last. I'll give yo' all a 'lustration. If a little sparrow bird wuz to hop from de Atlantic to de Pacific Ocean an' dipped its little bill into de watah an' kept on hoppin' back an' fo'th carryin' one drop of watah till the Atlantic was dipped dry as a bone—why, it wouldn't be sun-up in hell!"

Sam: What am you doing now?

Bo: I'se an exporter.

Sam: An exporter!

Bo: Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me.

"These new pants are too tight," little Willie complained. "They're tighter than my skin."

"Nonsense! Impossible!" said his mother. "Nothing, you absurd child, could be tighter than your skin."

"Well," persisted little Willie, "these pants is tighter, anyhow; for I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these pants."

Pyrofax: I met Snifter on the street today and the poor fellow was very despondent. He said he was perfectly willing to die.

Mrs. Pyrofax: Oh, dear, why didn't you ask him to dinner?

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- 6—Your interest is always forwarded to you with the utmost promptness—either annually, or semi-annually, according to stipulation.
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